

GROUND**EED**

MARVEL

#5

**ZDARSKY
ANKA
WILSON**

STAR-LORD®





PETER QUILL IS THE HALF-ALIEN, HALF-HUMAN SON OF THE FORMER KING OF SPARTAX AND MEREDITH QUILL OF EARTH. ARMED WITH HIS ELEMENT GUNS AND ALIEN HELMET, QUILL HAS SPENT MUCH OF HIS LIFE ROAMING THE COSMOS IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE AS A PART-TIME GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY AND A FULL-TIME GUNSLINGER.

STAR LORD

WHILE ESTRANGED FROM THE GUARDIANS AND TRAPPED ON EARTH, PETER QUILL HAS BEFRIENDED HUMAN RETIREE EDMUND ALLEN. EDMUND EVEN CONVINCED HIS SON GREG, A BAR MANAGER, TO GIVE PETER A JOB AT VILLAIN HANGOUT THE BAR WITH NO NAME. BUT PETER'S JUST LEARNED THAT BLACK CAT OWNS THE BAR, AND SHE'S BEEN USING IT TO WORK HER OWN ANGLES, LIKE KIDNAPPING GREG TO FORCE PETER AND EDMUND TO ROB HER RICHEST CUSTOMER. EDMUND'S A SMART TARGET: BEFORE DAREDEVIL NEARLY BUSTED HIM, EDMUND WAS THE SILVER BANDIT, USING SUPER-POWERED BOOTS AND GLOVES TO ROB THE RICH AND GIVE TO (HIMSELF A BIT, BUT MOSTLY) THE POOR. BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO...

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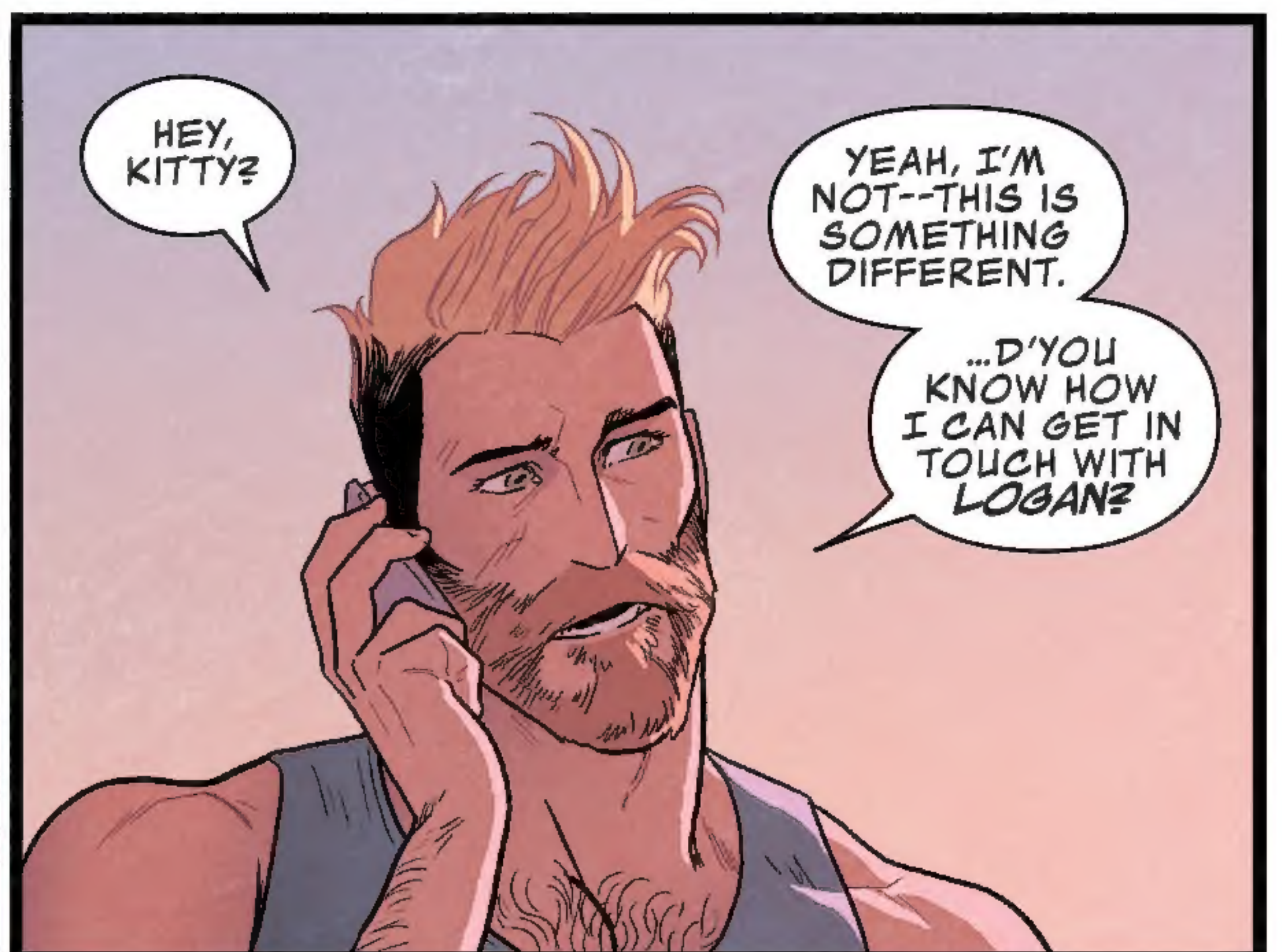
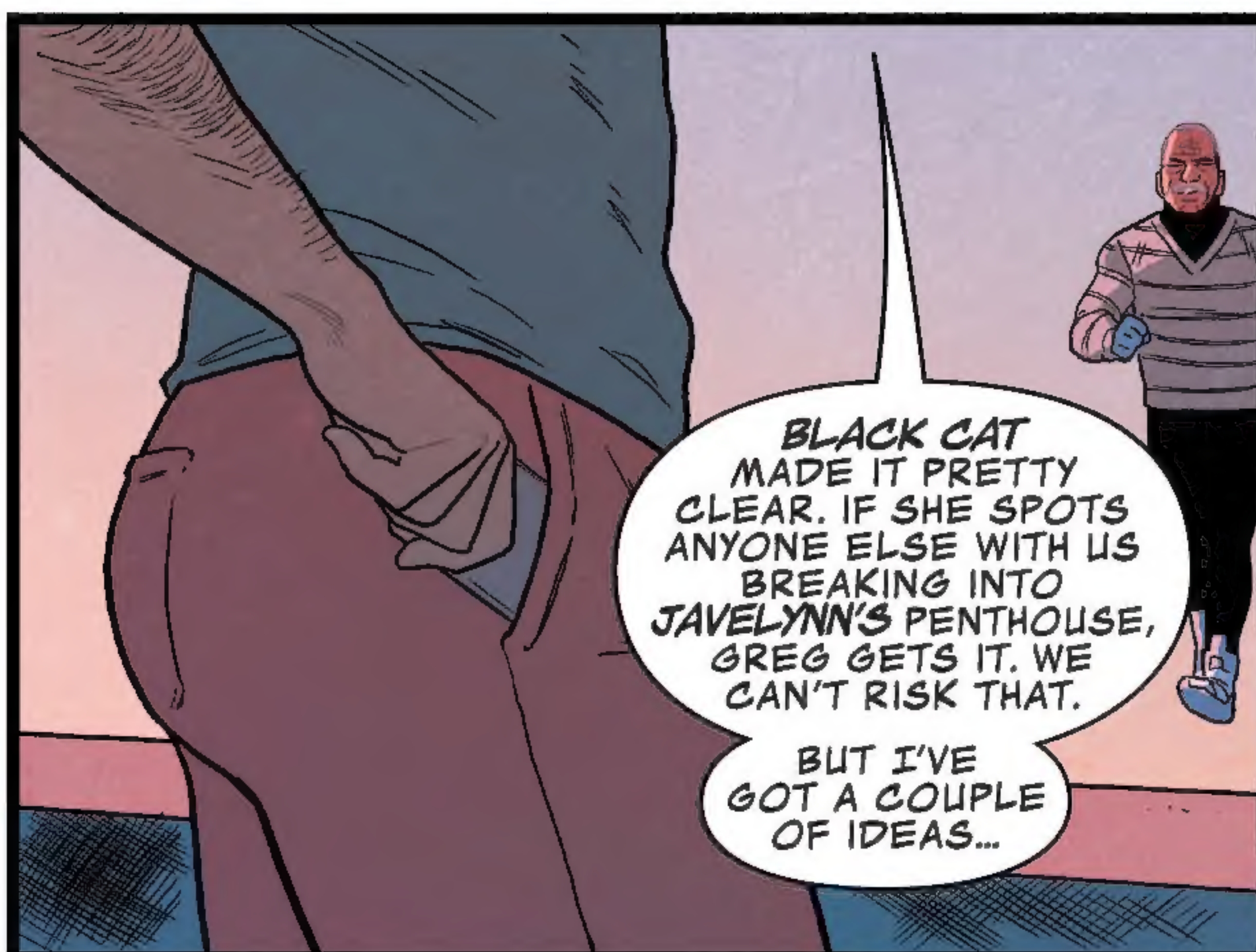
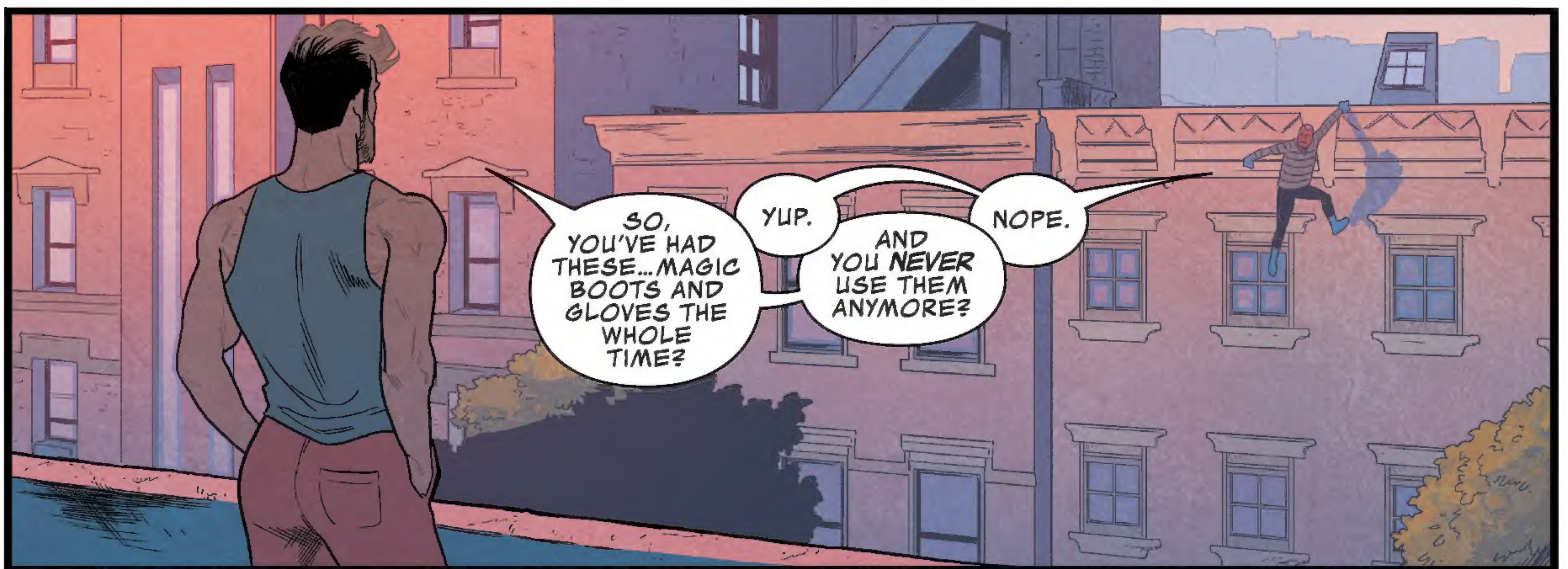
JOE QUESADA

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ALAN FINE



TODAY.

GUYS, FOR THE LAST TIME: PETER'S DEAD! D-E-A-D! I JUST GOT OUT OF THERE RIGHT AFTER I SAW--

DIAMONDHEAD AS A...DIAMOND... HEAD. YEAH, SURE. A LITTLE TOO ON THE NOSE, DON'T YOU THINK?

WHY WOULD I LIE ABOUT THAT?



BECAUSE YOU'RE A BAD GUY! YOU PROBABLY KILLED BOTH OF THEM!

AND THAT'S OKAY! 'CAUSE WE'RE ALL BAD GUYS!

I'M NOT THAT BAD! BESIDES, NOW GREG IS MISSING, TOO! IT'S GOTTA BE CONNECTED! EVERYTHING IS CONNECTED!

YEAH, YOU PROBABLY KILLED HIM TOO!



WHY WON'T--THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR PLACE, A SANCTUARY FROM \$\$\$%\$\$ HEROES PICKING US OFF!

WHATEVER'S GOING ON, IT'S NOT RIGHT! IT'S NOT--

A-HEM!



FULL HOUSE.

PERFECT.



GOOD FOR BUSINESS. THOUGH BUSINESS HAS RUN ITS COURSE.





FOR THOSE
OF YOU WHOM I'VE
NEVER MET, MY NAME'S
FELICIA. YOU MAY KNOW
ME AS THE **BLACK CAT**. I
PRACTICALLY RUN THIS TOWN,
AND I **DEFINITELY** RUN
THIS BAR YOU'VE
ENJOYED FOR SO
LONG.

I'M AFRAID TO
SAY THAT **SOME**
PEOPLE HERE HAVE
BEEN SELLING YOUR
SECRETS, A **CLEAR**
VIOLATION OF THE
RULES OF THIS
BAR.

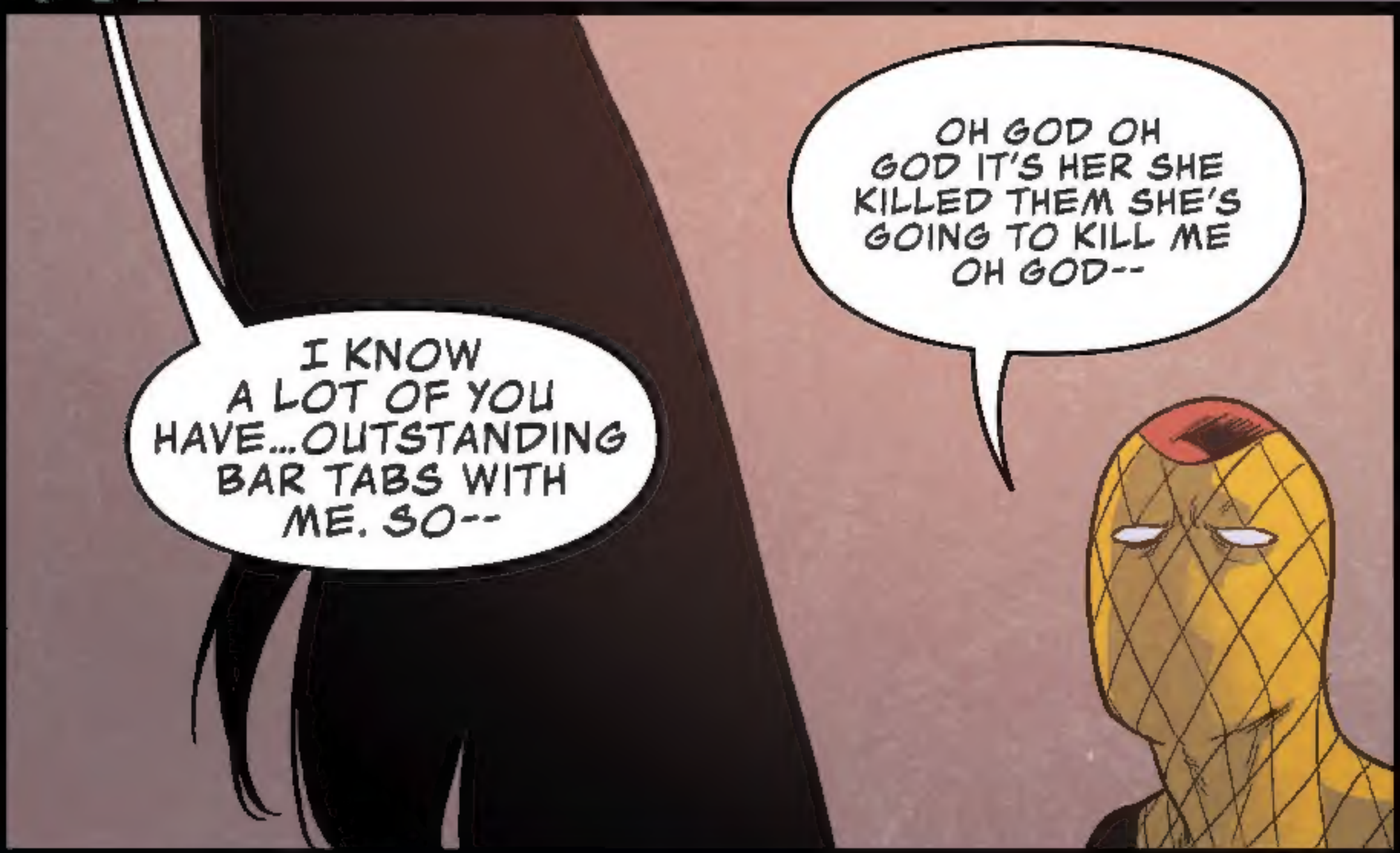
NOW, I'M PROUD
TO SAY THAT I'VE
DISPATCHED MR. QUILL
AND MR. ALLEN, THE TWO
STAFF MEMBERS WHO
STABBED YOU ALL IN
THE BACK.

BUT
THERE'S ONE
MORE TRAITOR WHO
NEEDS TO BE
DEALT WITH.



OH GOD OH
GOD IT'S HER SHE
KILLED THEM SHE'S
GOING TO KILL ME
OH GOD--

I KNOW
A LOT OF YOU
HAVE...OUTSTANDING
BAR TABS WITH
ME. SO--

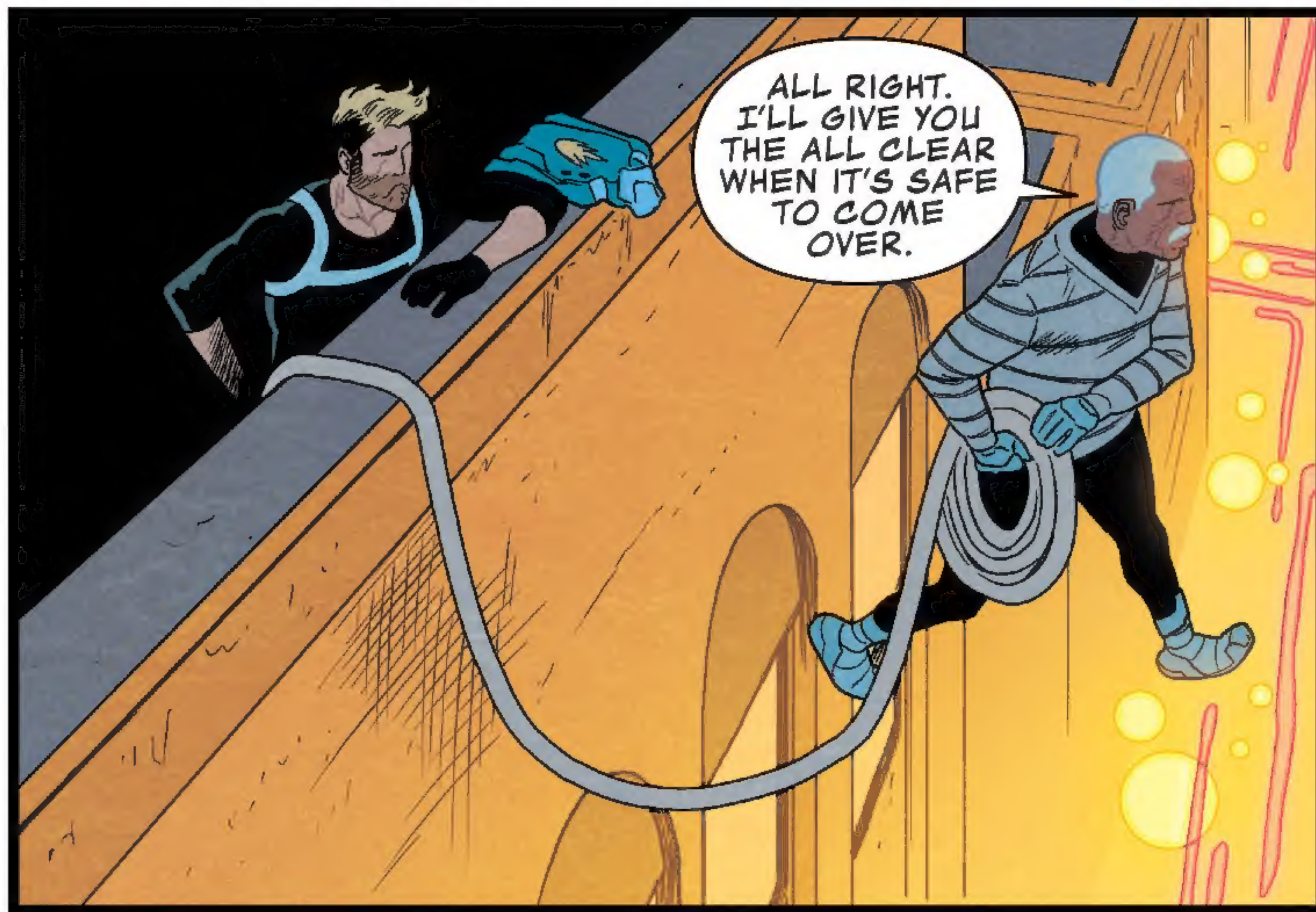


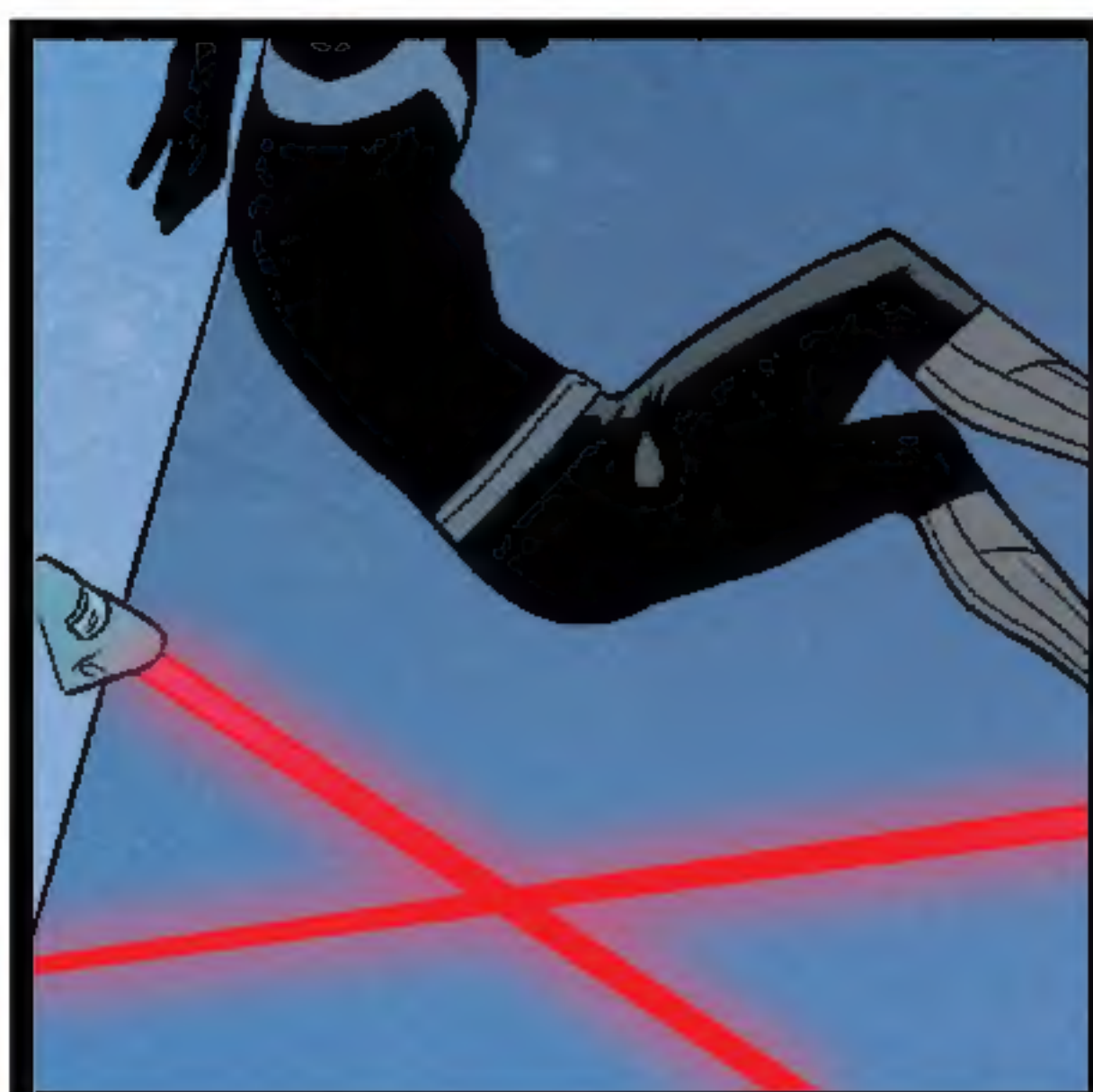
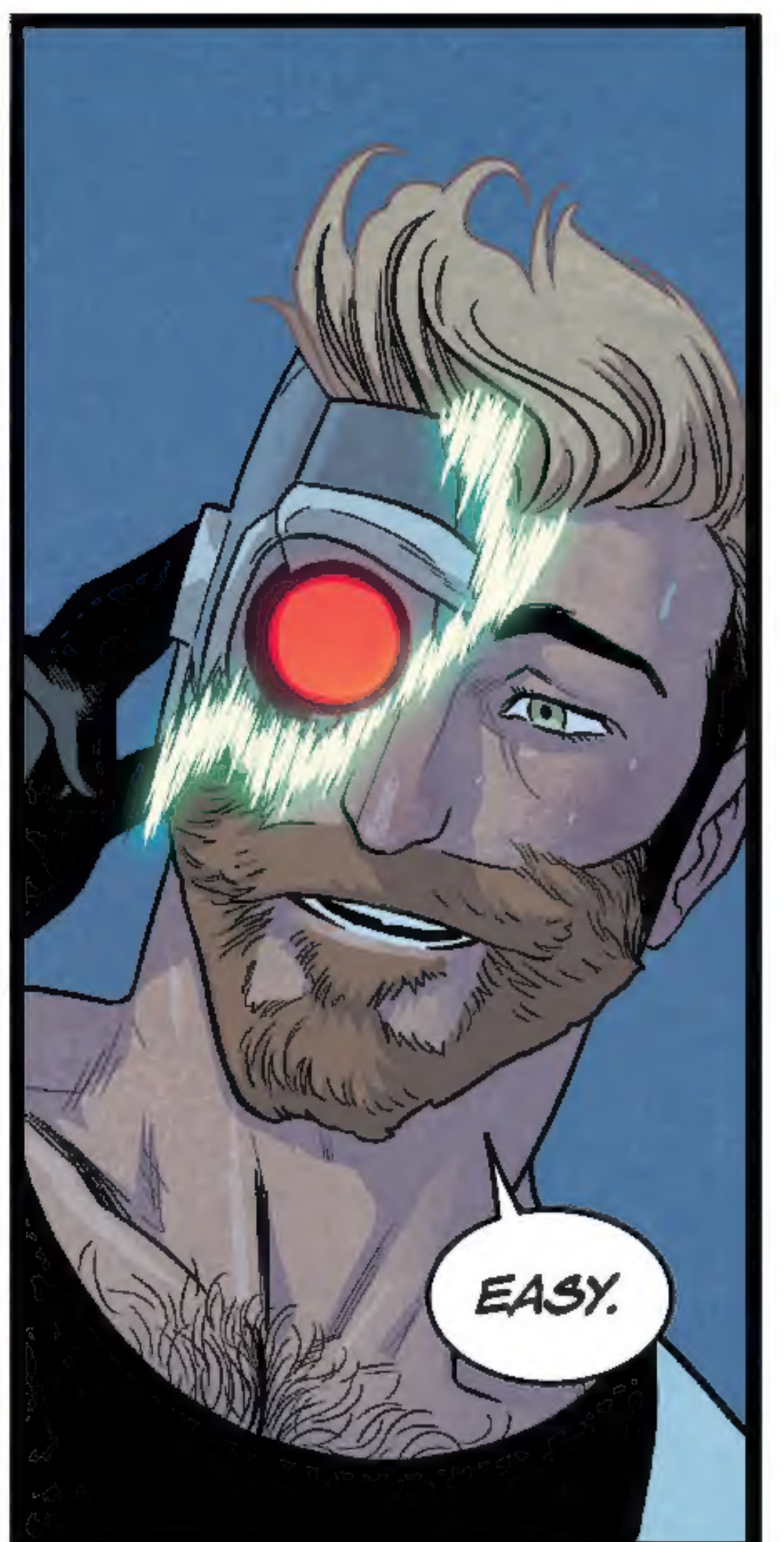
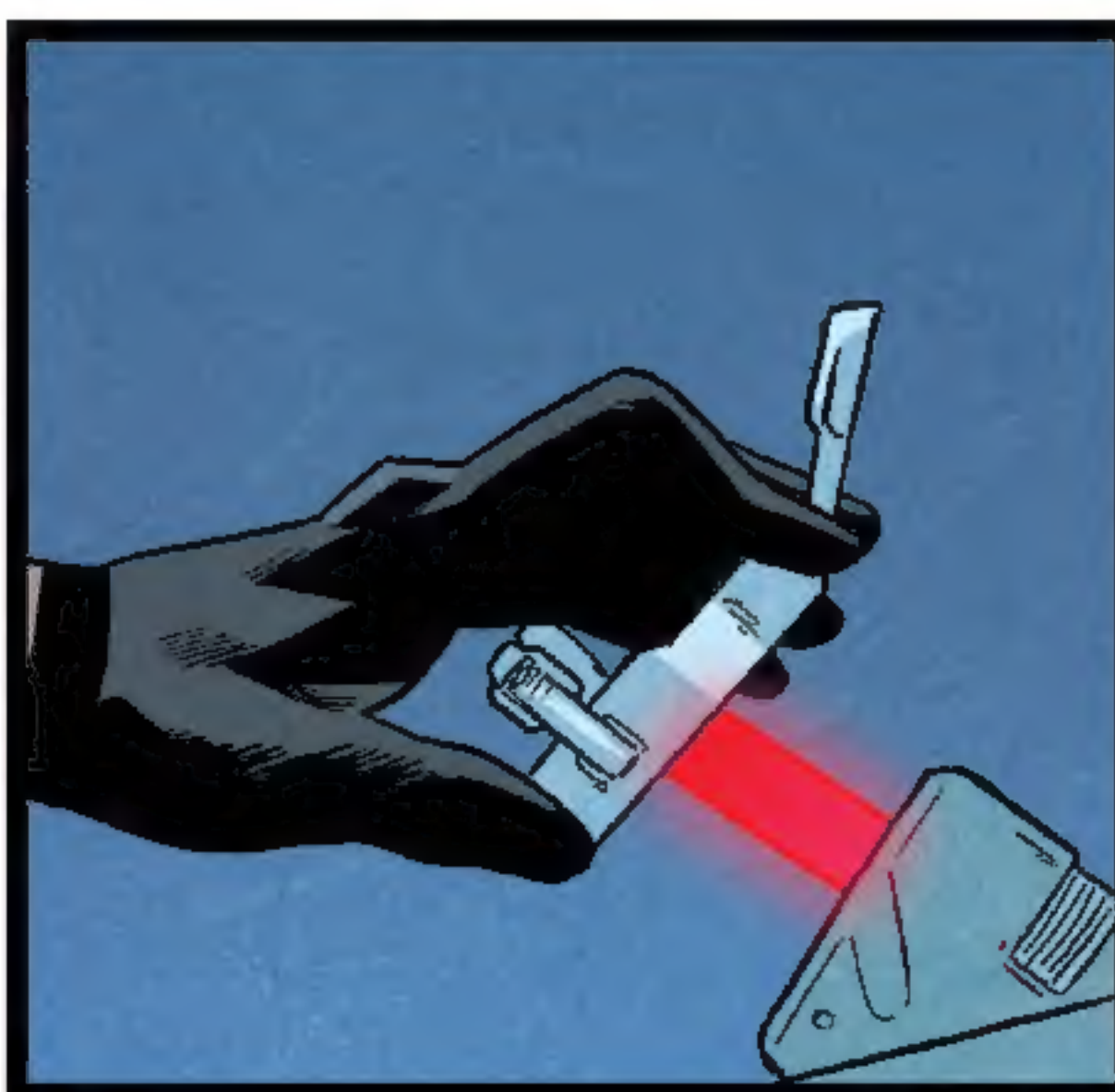
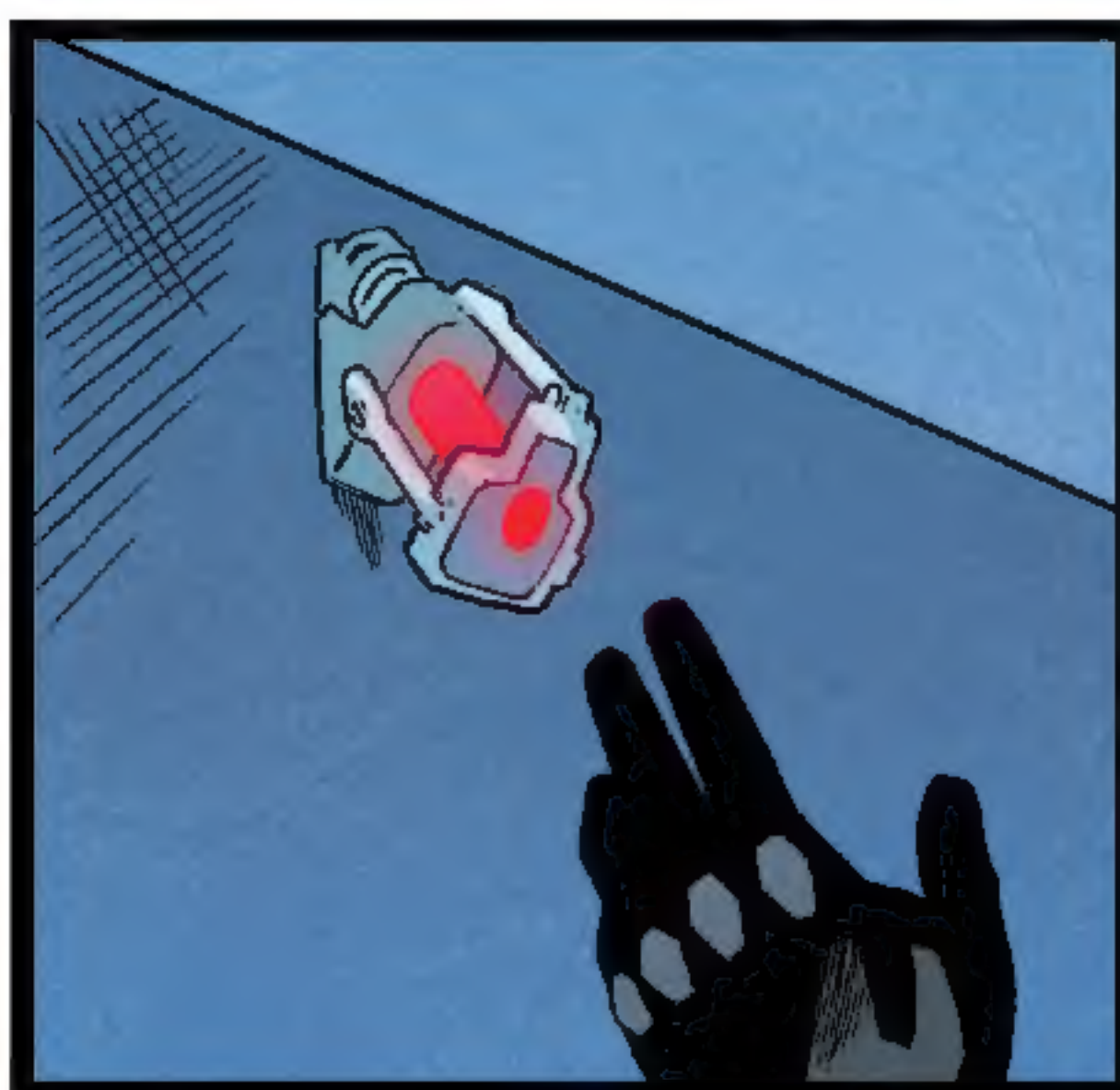
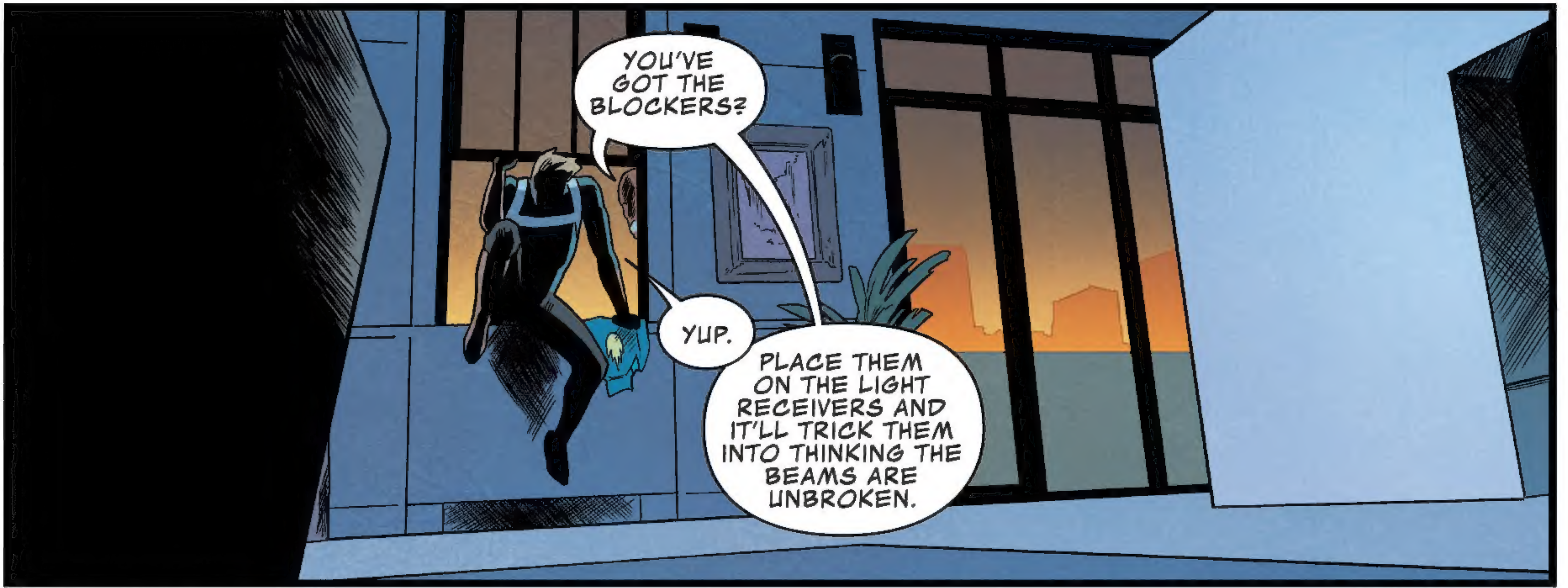
--LET
ME WIPE
THOSE SLATES
CLEAN, FOR ALL.
PROVIDED YOU DO
ME THE FAVOR OF
ELIMINATING...

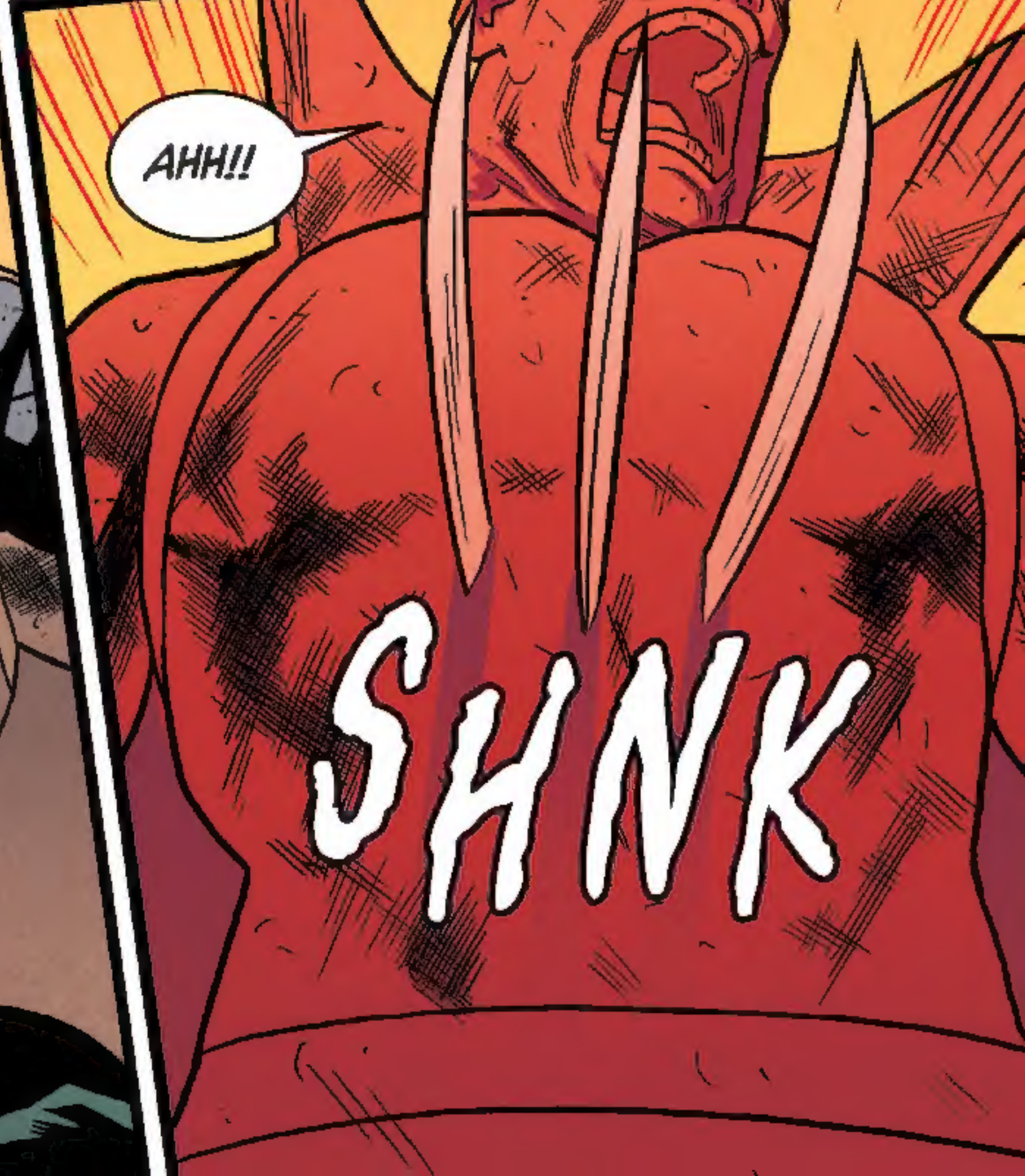


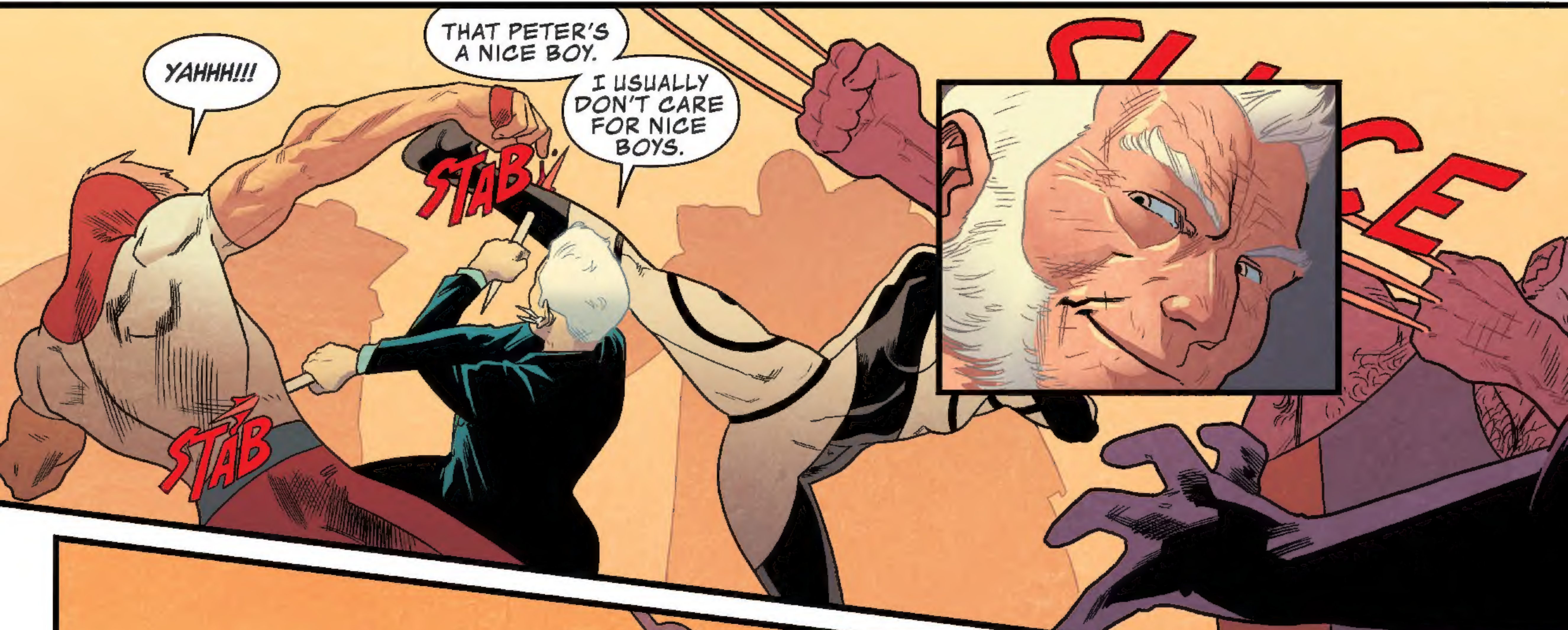
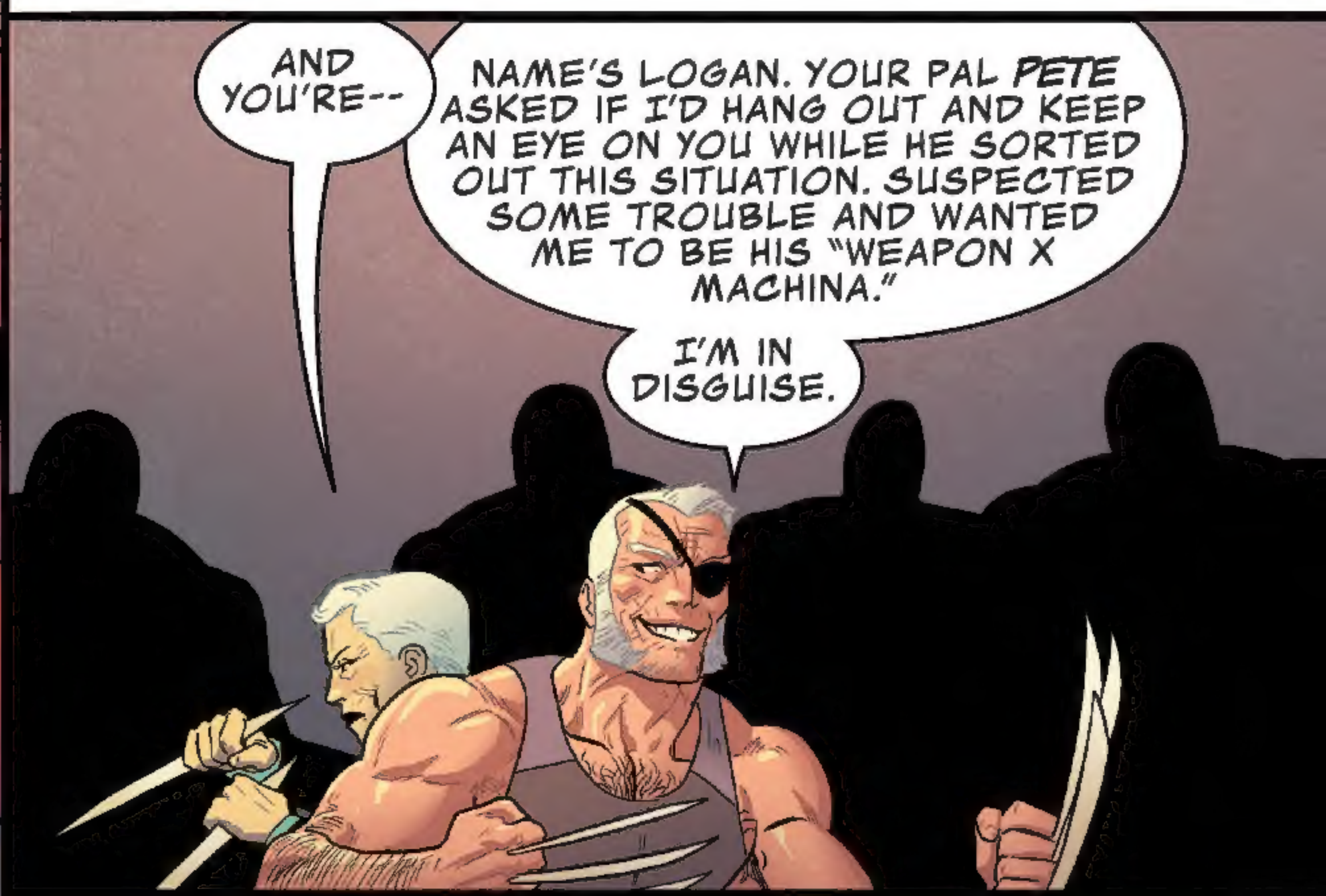
...JAVELYN.





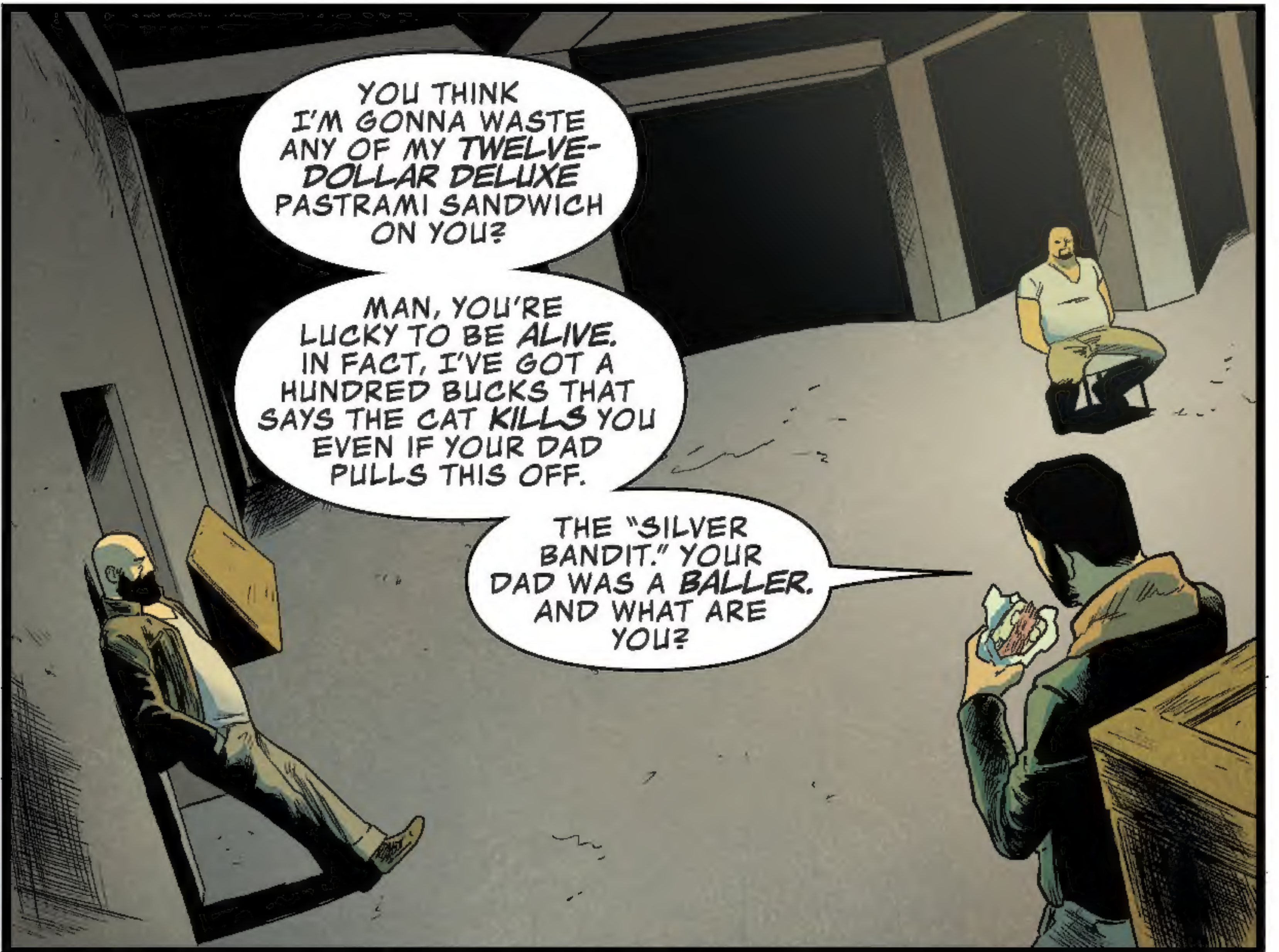








...CAN I
GET A BITE
OF THAT?



YOU THINK
I'M GONNA WASTE
ANY OF MY **TWELVE-
DOLLAR DELUXE**
PASTRAMI SANDWICH
ON YOU?

MAN, YOU'RE
LUCKY TO BE ALIVE.
IN FACT, I'VE GOT A
HUNDRED BUCKS THAT
SAYS THE CAT KILLS YOU
EVEN IF YOUR DAD
PULLS THIS OFF.

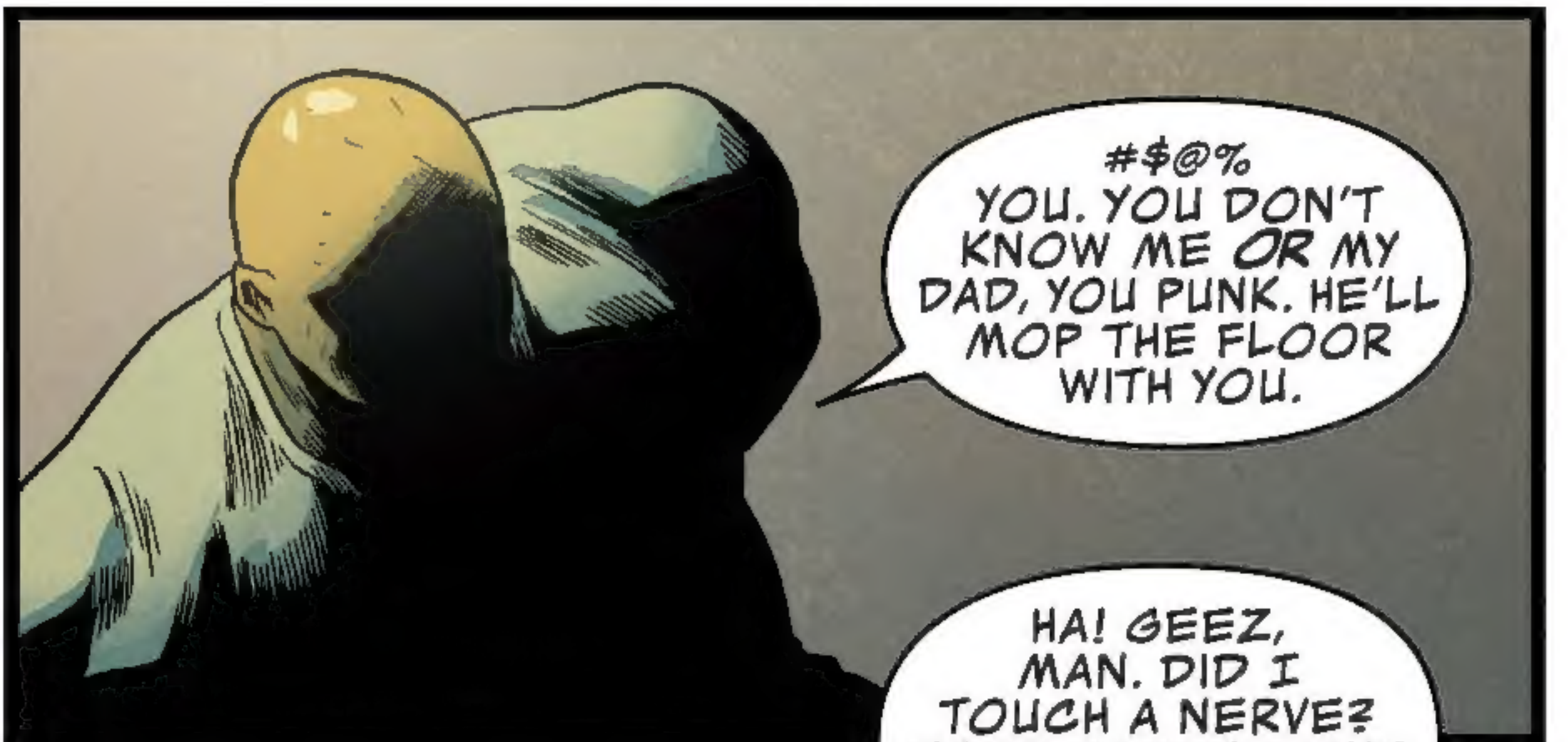
THE "SILVER
BANDIT." YOUR
DAD WAS A **BALLER**.
AND WHAT ARE
YOU?



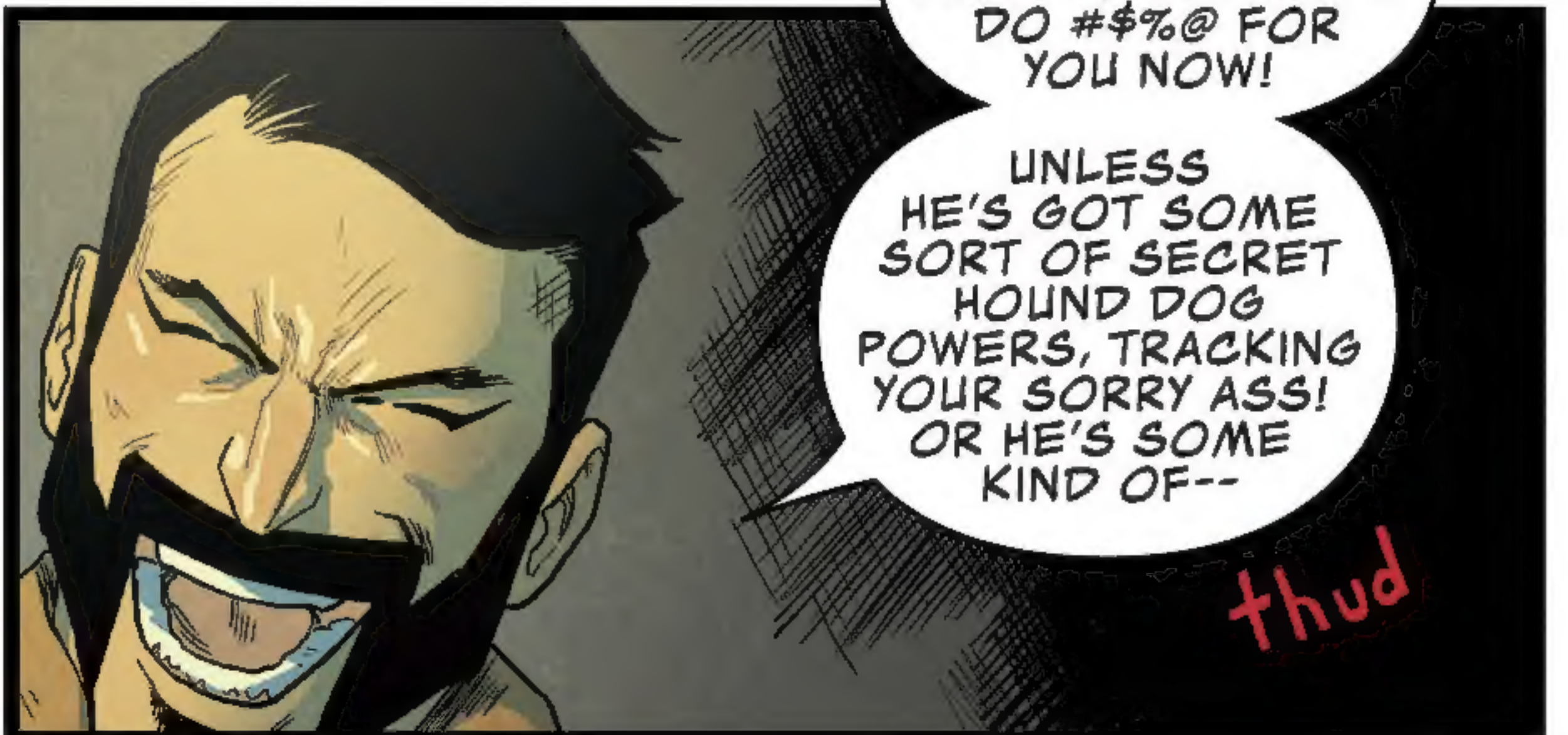
A
BARTENDER.
MUST'VE MADE
HIM **REAL**
PROUD.

I'M A **BAR
MANAGER.** AND
MY DAD'S...

...MY
DAD'S...



###%
YOU. YOU DON'T
KNOW ME OR MY
DAD, YOU PUNK. HE'LL
MOP THE FLOOR
WITH YOU.



HA! GEEZ,
MAN. DID I
TOUCH A NERVE?
YOUR DADDY CAN'T
DO ###% FOR
YOU NOW!

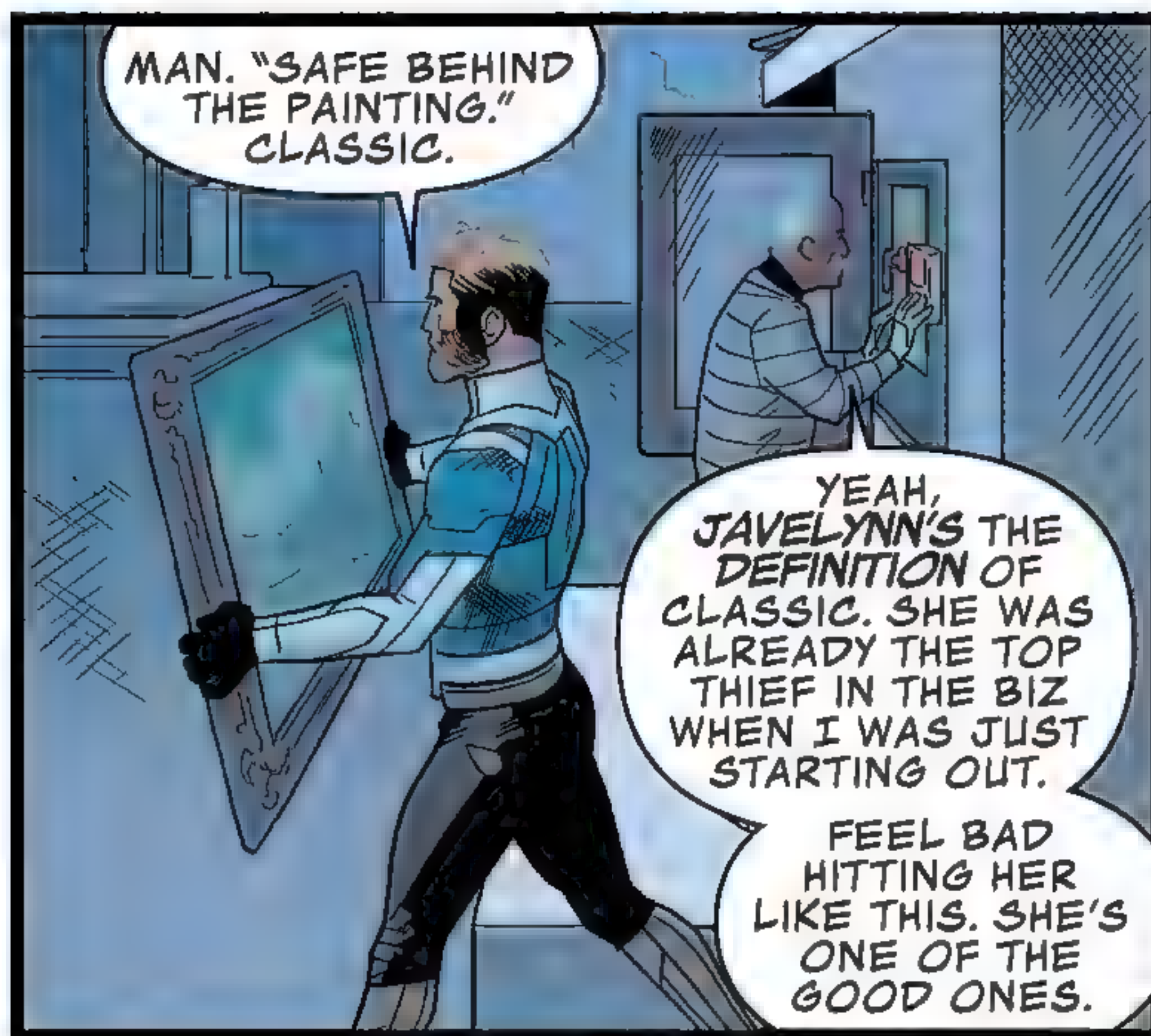
UNLESS
HE'S GOT SOME
SORT OF SECRET
HOUND DOG
POWERS, TRACKING
YOUR SORRY ASS!
OR HE'S SOME
KIND OF--

thud



--NINJA...

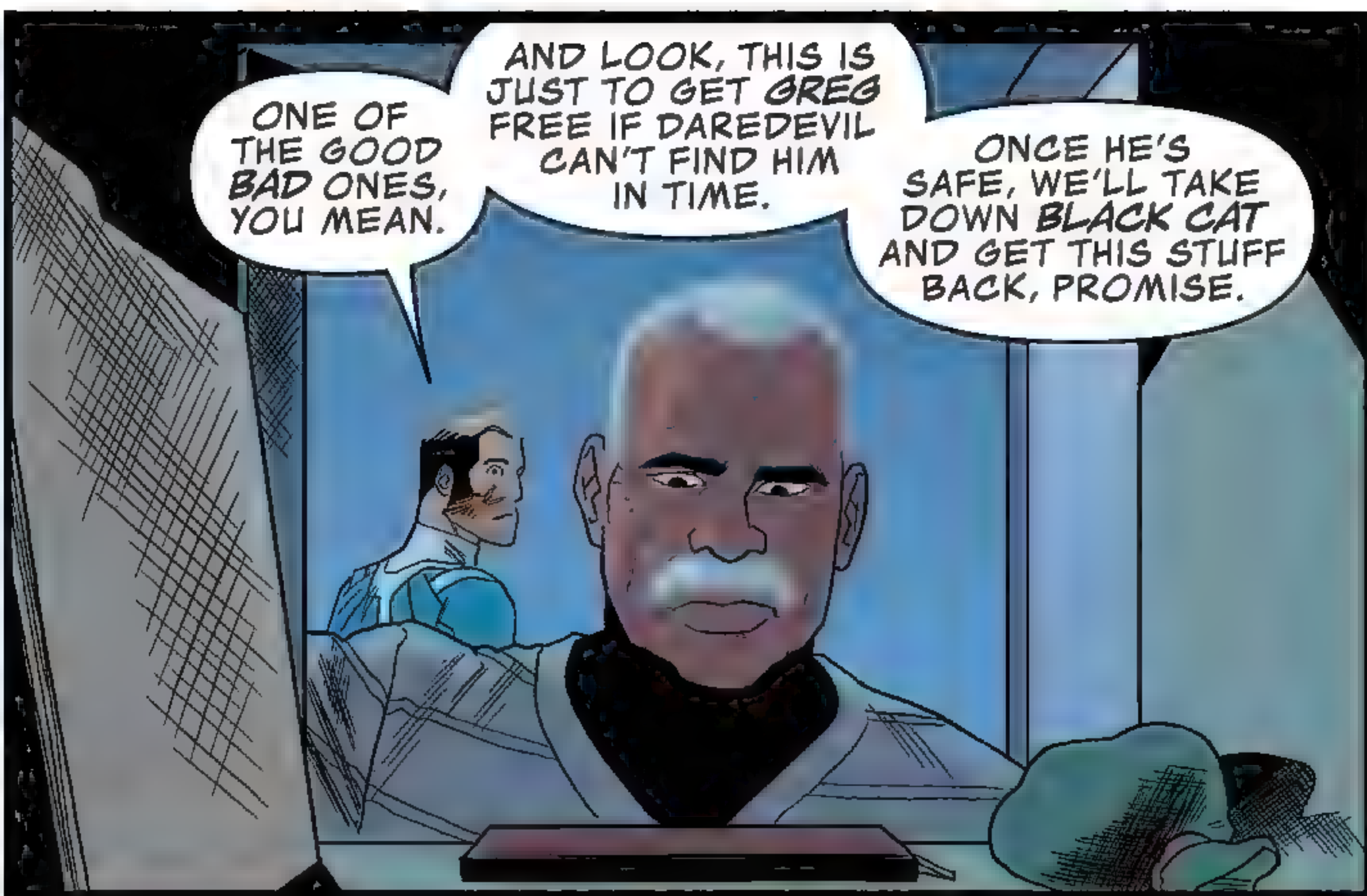




MAN. "SAFE BEHIND THE PAINTING." CLASSIC.

YEAH, JAVELYNN'S THE DEFINITION OF CLASSIC. SHE WAS ALREADY THE TOP THIEF IN THE BIZ WHEN I WAS JUST STARTING OUT.

FEEL BAD HITTING HER LIKE THIS. SHE'S ONE OF THE GOOD ONES.



ONE OF THE GOOD BAD ONES, YOU MEAN.

AND LOOK, THIS IS JUST TO GET GREG FREE IF DAREDEVIL CAN'T FIND HIM IN TIME.

ONCE HE'S SAFE, WE'LL TAKE DOWN BLACK CAT AND GET THIS STUFF BACK, PROMISE.



OH, I DOUBT THAT.

WHAT-- WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BRING THE GOODS TO THE BAR! WHY WOULD--

OH, HONEY. I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO HAVE ALL THE FUN. I JUST WANTED YOU TO DEACTIVATE THE SECURITY...



...SO WE COULD TAKE WHAT WE WANT.

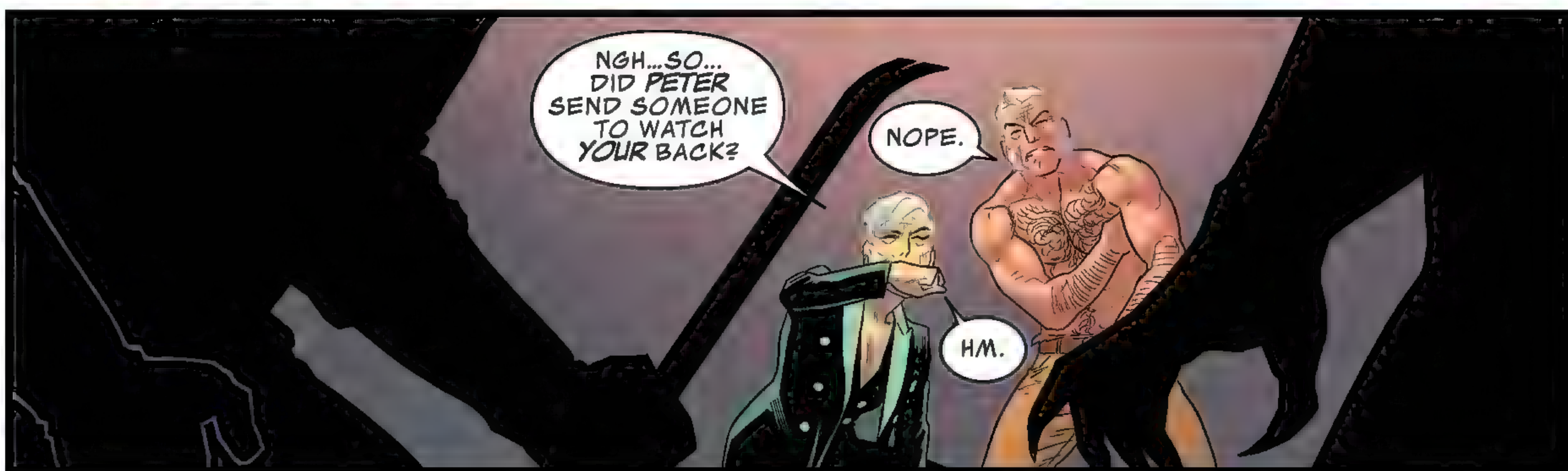


I DON'T GET THIS! YOU'RE A MASTER THIEF! WHY GET US TO BREAK IN?

IT'S TRUE, I COULD HAVE DONE THIS MYSELF, BUT I RUN THINGS IN THIS TOWN NOW. AND BEING IN CHARGE...



...IS ALL ABOUT DELEGATION.





CAN'T WATCH YOUR BACKS IF THEY'RE FLAT ON THE FLOOR--



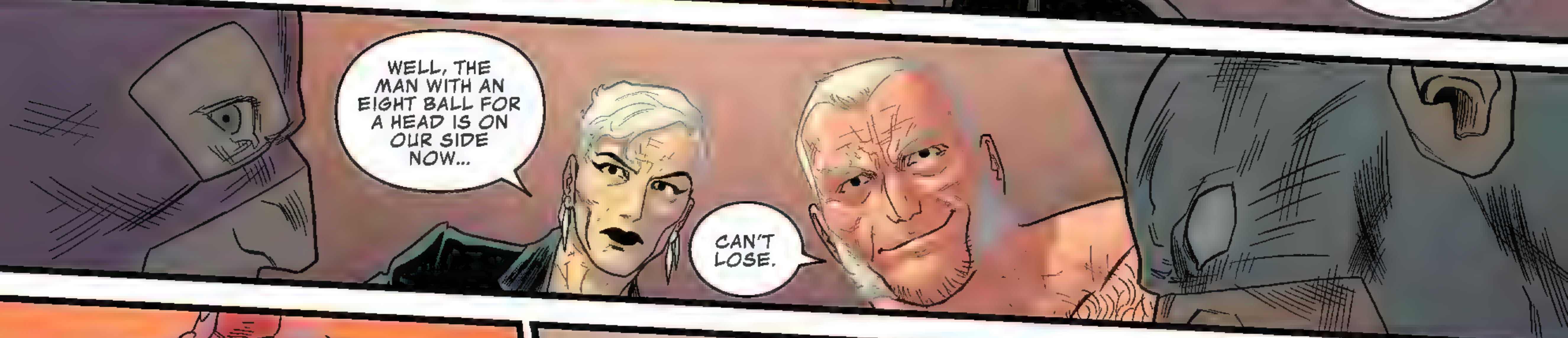
HNH!!



\$\$@% YOU GUYS!

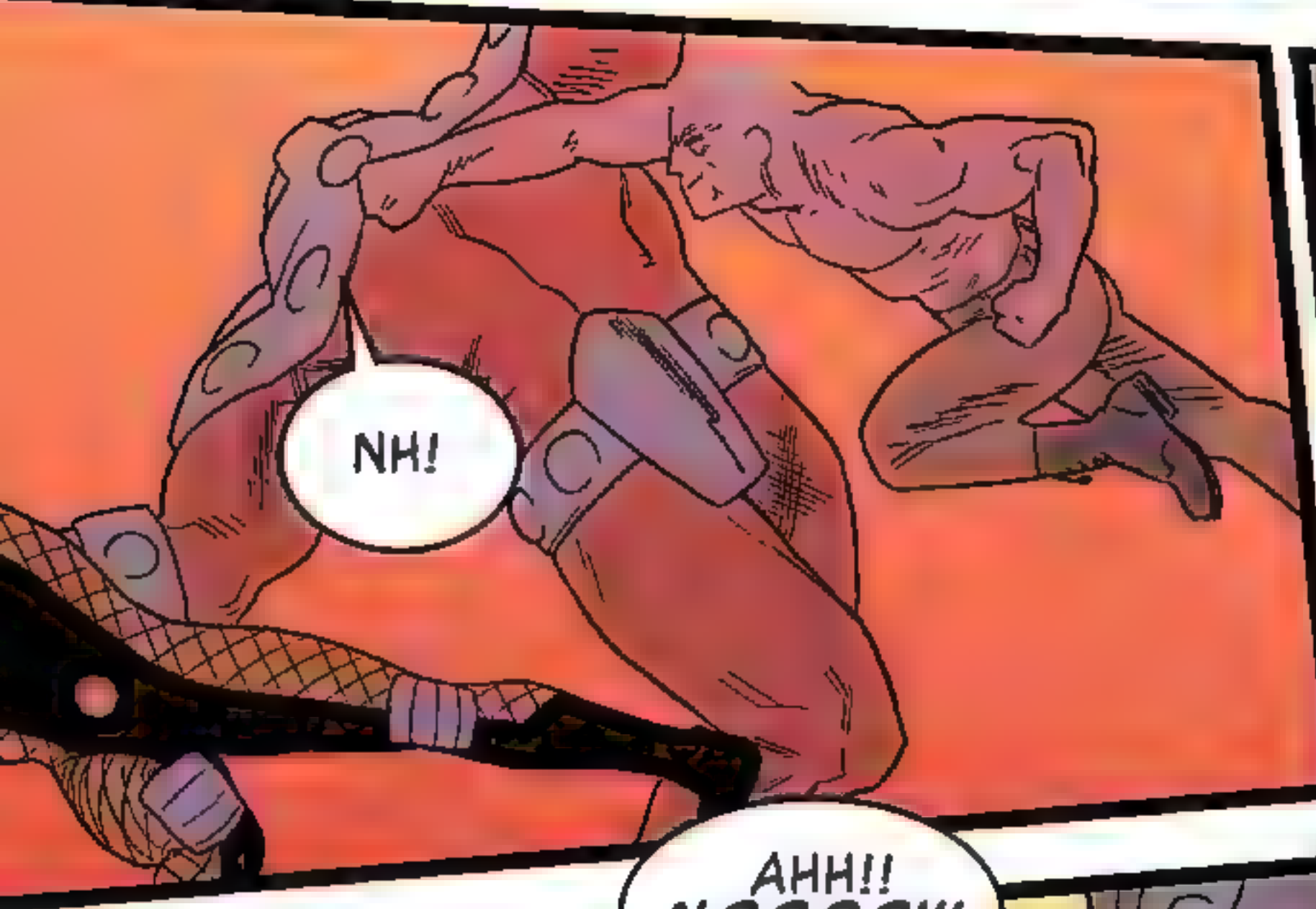
THIS PLACE IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUR SANCTUARY! THE BAR HAS RULES!

YEAH, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO OWNS IT! NO BUSINESS IN THE BAR!



WELL, THE MAN WITH AN EIGHT BALL FOR A HEAD IS ON OUR SIDE NOW...

CAN'T LOSE.



NH!



AHH!! NOOOO!!!



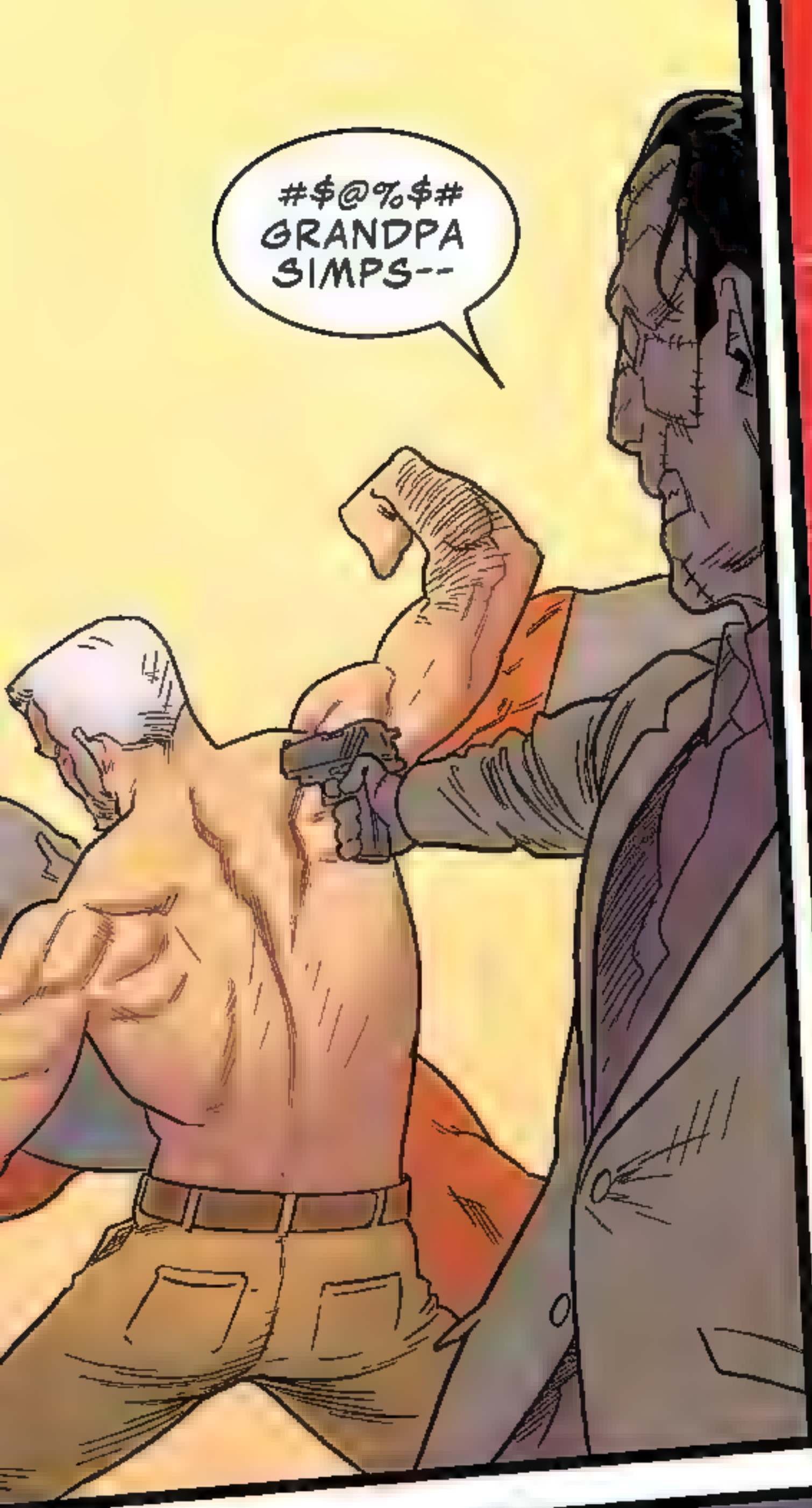
GAK!



NHH!



NOOOOO...



##@%\$##
GRANDPA
SIMPS--



AHHH!!!!



>HUFF<
>PUFF<...SO...
MR. LOGAN...

JUST
"LOGAN." I
AIN'T NO
"MISTER."



YOU...
GOING TO TELL
ME WHAT THIS
IS ABOUT?

NOT A
CLUE. I'M
JUST HIRED
MUSCLE.

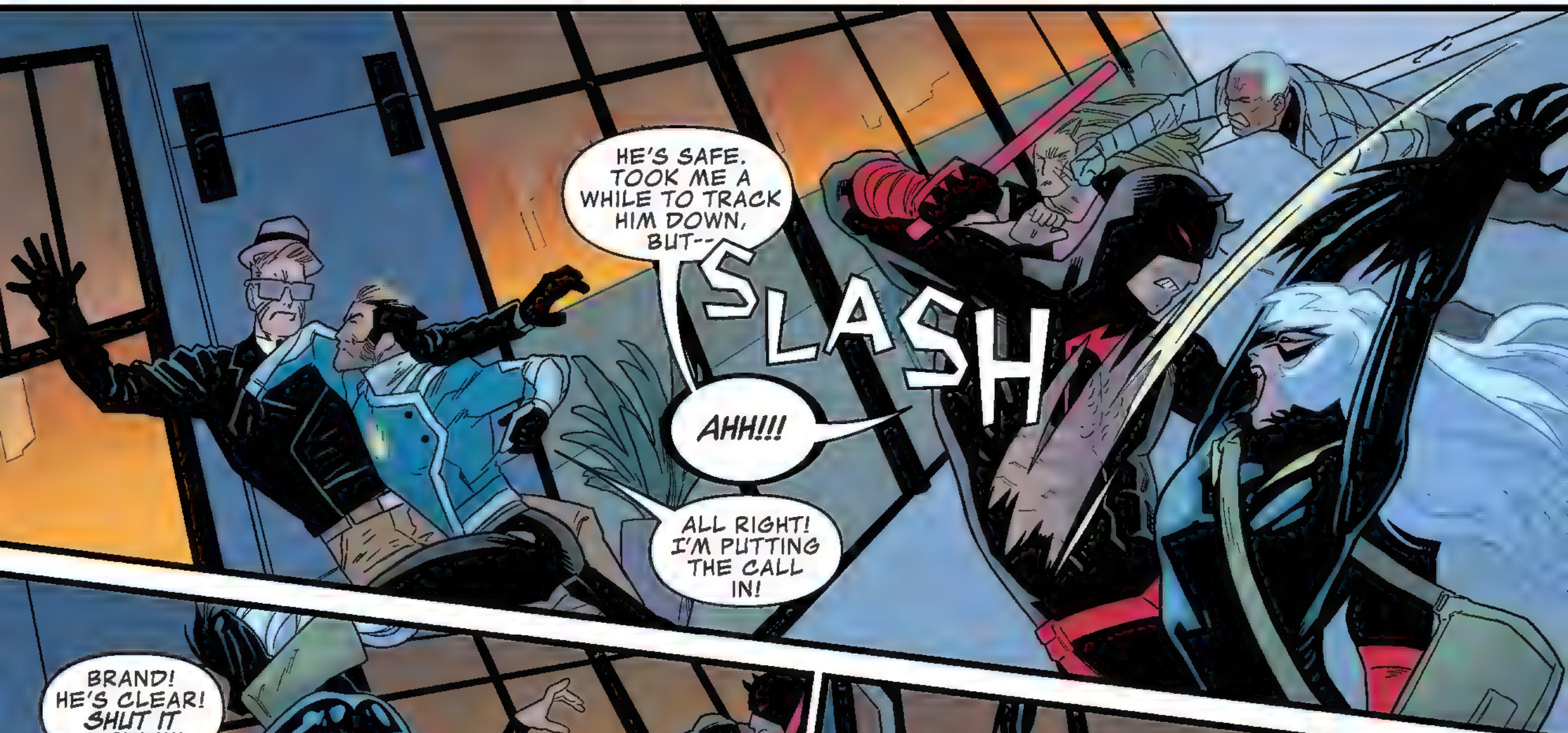
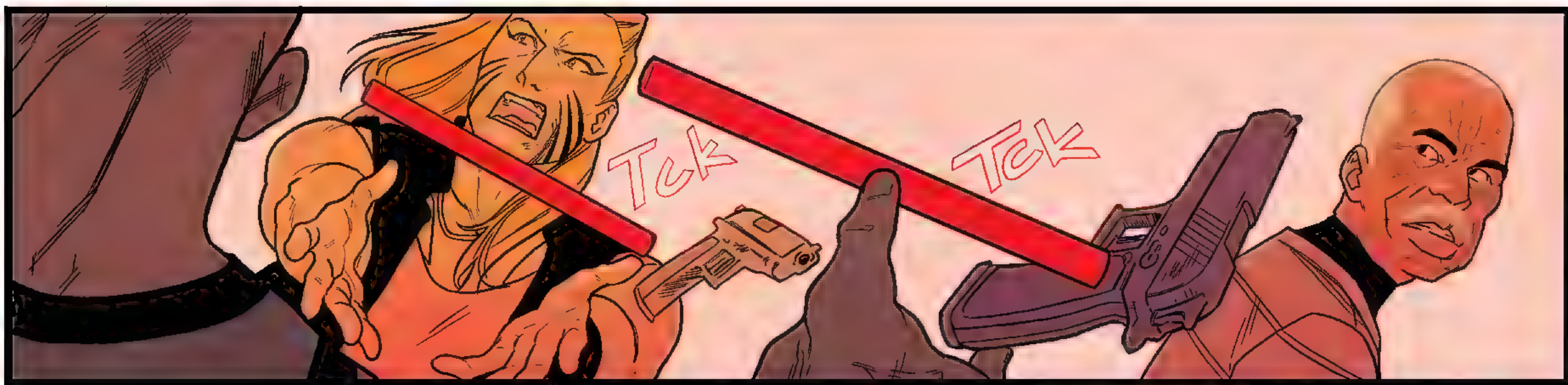
I SEE.
SO TELL
ME...

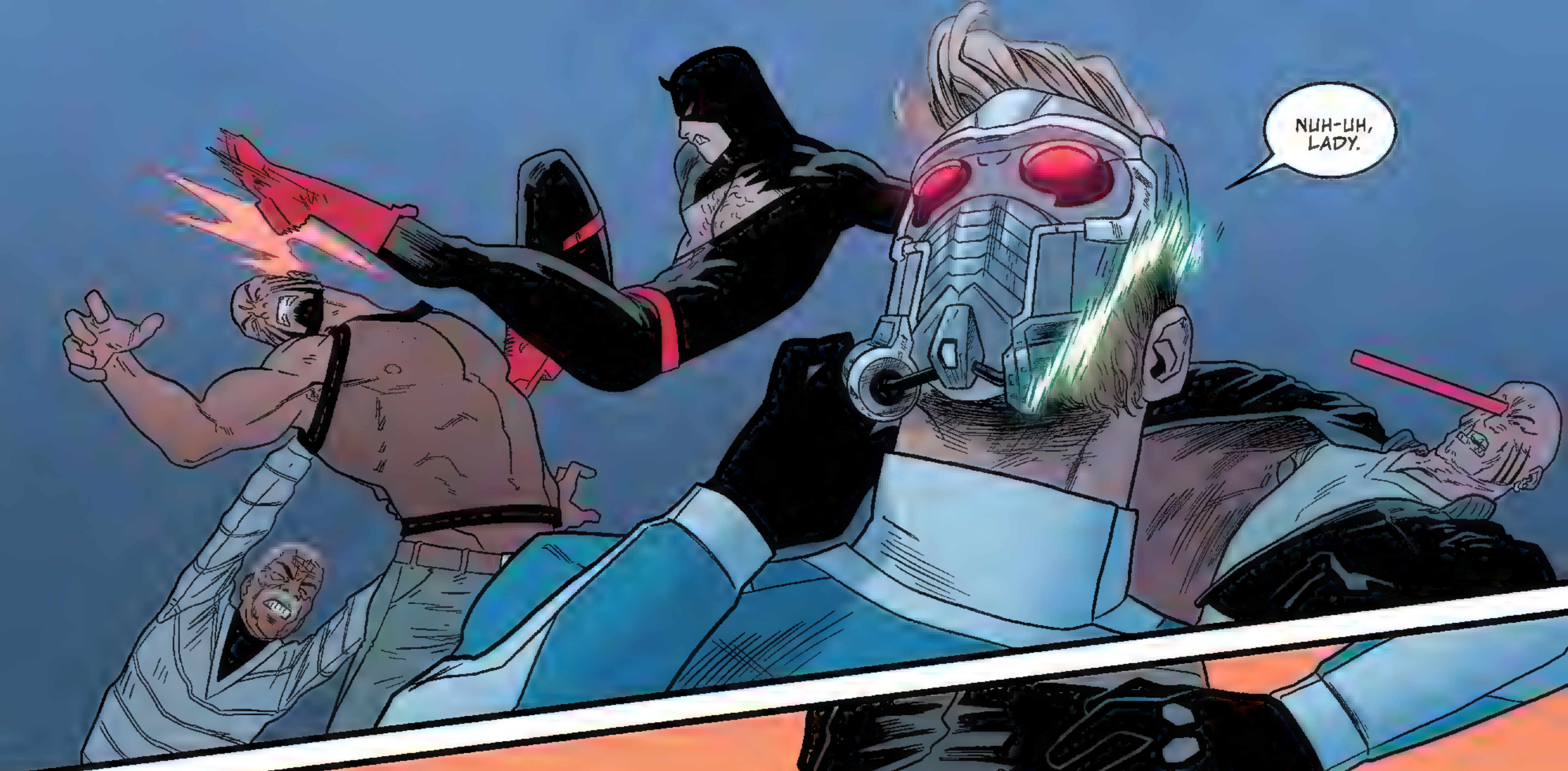


...DO
YOU COME
CHEAP?











I'M
HAVING
A BIT OF A
ROUGH GO
OF IT!

NH!

STUCK ON
THIS PLANET!
ARRESTED! A
##@% LOVE
LIFE!

GRAH!!
WHY DO YOU
EVEN CARE?!
YOU'RE JUST MY
BARTENDER!

BUT I'M
STILL PETER QUILL,
DAMMIT! I GUARD
THE GALAXY AND THAT
INCLUDES BARS AND
PENTHOUSES AND
PEOPLE!

HA!

AGH!

NH!

NF!

I
QUIT!

WHAT
IN--





EDMUND?



HEY, PETE. DEVIL-BOY SEEMED GOOD TO WRAP THINGS UP INSIDE, AND I AIN'T MUCH OF A FIGHTER, SO--

GAH! LET ME GO!

NO CHANCE. THESE GLOVES LOCK IN AND DON'T MOVE. YOU'RE GOING AWAY, CAT.



YEAH? WELL, SO WILL YOU, THE NOTORIOUS SILVER BANDIT. YOU READY FOR PRISON, OR...



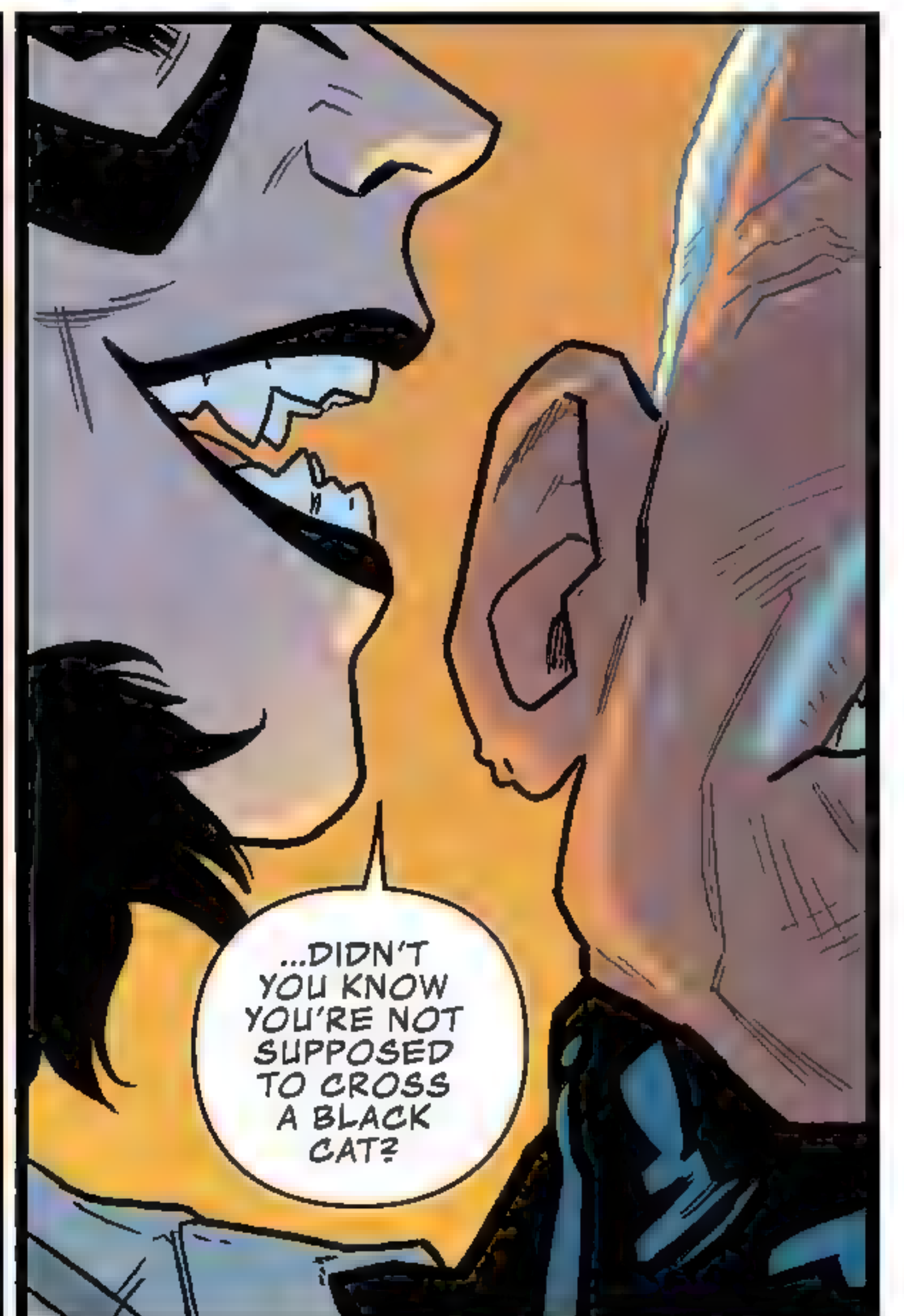
DAD?



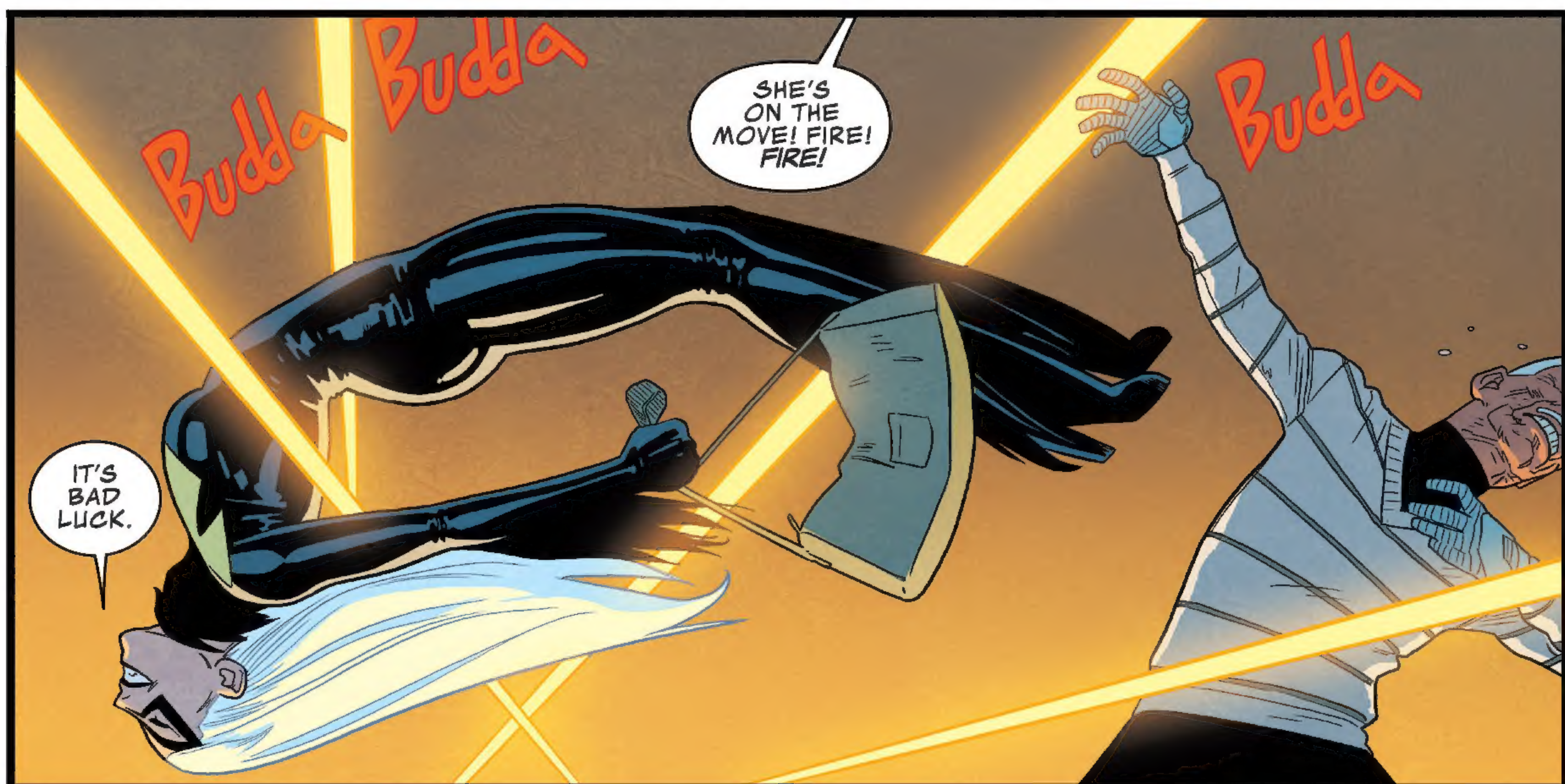
...MAYBE A HOSPITAL IS MORE YOUR SPEED? A LITTLE TOO MUCH EXERTION FOR YOU, EDMUND? BIG DAY BAD ON YOUR HEART?

JUST... JUST...GIVE... UP...

OH, POOR EDMUND...



...DIDN'T YOU KNOW YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO CROSS A BLACK CAT?





THE HEIST

EARTH-LORD PART FIVE

**NEXT ISSUE:
DECISIONS...**

STAR-LORD

NEXT

ISSUE
NUMBER 6



GOT SOMETHING TO SAY? SEND LETTERS TO
MHEROES@MARVEL.COM AND MARK THEM "OKAY TO PRINT"!

